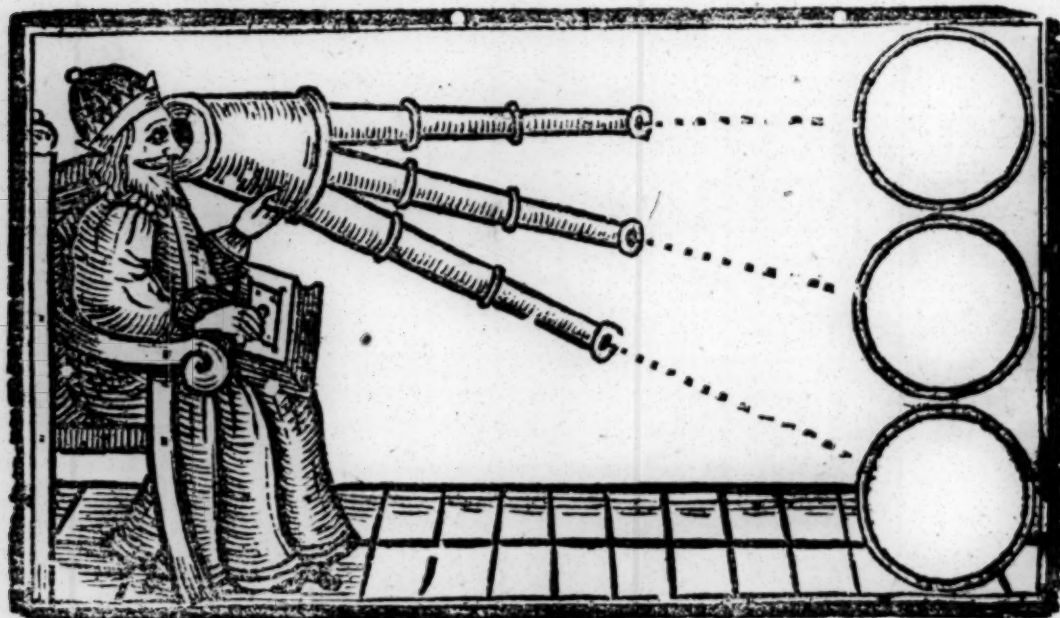


England's Great Prognosticator,

Foretelling when England shall enjoy a settled peace and happinesse again,
Not by Planets, Signes, nor by Stars, But truly tells when ends these bloody wars.
To the Tune of, When the King enjoyes his own again.



What Booker can Prognosticate
Concerning of our Kingdomes fate?
I think my self to be as wise
As most that gazes in the Skyes
my skill goes beyond
the depth of Pond,
O Rivers in the greatest rain,
by which I can tell
all things will be well,
Now the King enjoyes his own again.

There's neither Swallow, Dove, nor Dade,
Can soare moze high, nor deeper wade,
To gibe you a reason from the Stars,
What causeth Peace, or Cibil wars,
the man in the Moon,
may wear out his Moon,
In running after Charls his wane,
and all to no end,
for the times they will mend,
Now the King enjoyes his own again.

Though for a time you saw White-hall,
With cobwebs hanging on the wall,
Instead of Silks and silber brabe,
As formerly it us'd to have,
in every room,
the sweet perfume
Delightfull for a Princely train,
the which you may see,
now the time it shall be,
That the King is come home in peace again.

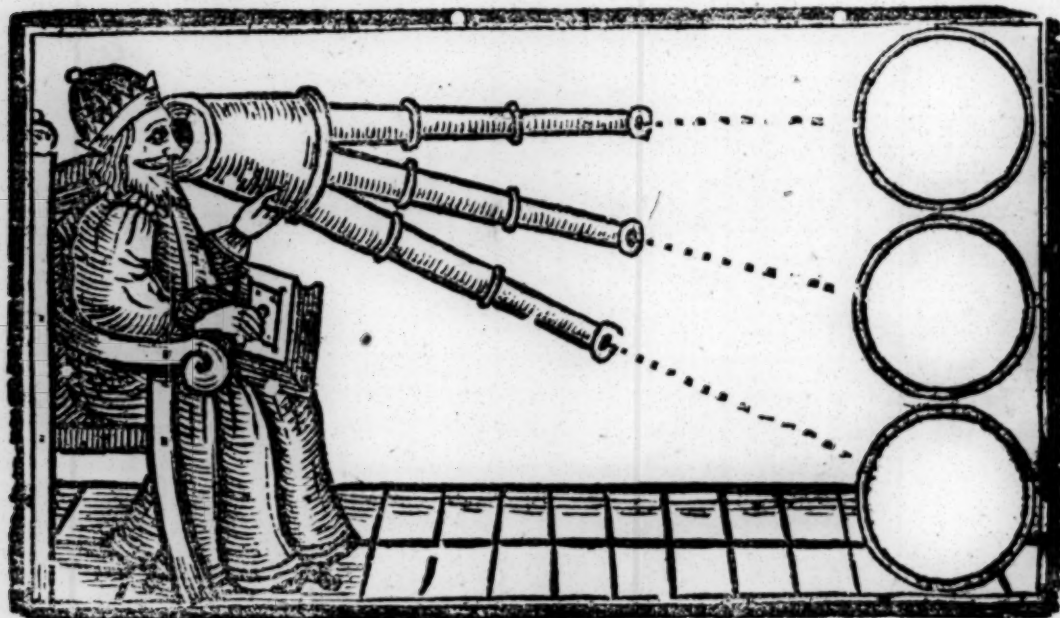
Full forty years the Royall Crowne,
Hath been his Fathers, and his own,
And is there any moze than he,
Hath right unto that Soberaignty?
then who better may
the Scepter sway,
Than he that hath such right to reign
the hopes of our peace
for the wars will cease,
Now the King is come home in peace again.

Till when, Ararat upon the Hill,
My hopes did cast her Anchor still,
Unill I saw some peacefull Dove,
Bring home that branch which dear I love,
till then I did waite,
the waters abate,
which most disturb'd my troubled brain,
and never did rejoyce,
till I did hear the voyce,
That the King enjoyes his own again.

Oxford and Cambridge still agree,
Crowne'd with honour and dignity,
Learned men shall now take place,
Lub-men be silenc'd with disgrace,
for they shall know
'twas but an outward show
That they so long disturb'd their brain,
so I can tell
that all things will be well
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Church Government shall settled be,
 And then I hope we shall agree,
 without their helps whose hair-brain'd zeal,
 Hath long disturb'd the Common-weal,
 Green's out of date,
 and the Cöbler doth prate,
 Of whimsies that disturbs his brain,
 the which you shall see,
 when the time it shall be,
 Now the King enjoys his own again.

Though many men are much in debt,
 And others shops are to be let,
 A golden time is drawing nêr,
 Men shall want shops for their ware,
 all Trades shall increate
 by the means of a Peace
 The which ere long we shall obtain,
 for which I can tell
 all things will be well,
 Now the King enjoys his own again.

Widows shall enjoy their Wates,
 And honest men their lost estates,
 Women shall have what they do lack,
 Their husbands are a coming back
 when the wars have an end,
 then I and my friend,
 A Subjects freedome shall obtain,
 for this I can tell,
 all things will be well
 Now the King enjoys his own again.

People shall walk without any fear,
 About the Country ebery where.

Therbes shall tremble at the Lato,
 And Justice keep them all in awe,
 Papists shall flye,
 with their trumperp
 And then a sig for Rome and Spain,
 the which you shall see,
 when the time it shall be,
 Now the King is come home in peace again.

The Parliament most willing be,
 That all the world may plainly see,
 How they do labour still for Peace,
 That all these bloody wars may cease,
 for they will spend
 their libes to defend
 The King in all his rights to reign,
 so I can tell,
 all things will be well,
 Now the King enjoys his own again.

When all these things to passe shall come,
 Then farewell Musket, Pike, and Drum,
 The Lamb shall with the Lion feed,
 That were a happy time indeed,
 O let all pray,
 that we may see the day,
 That Peace may govern Charles his Wane,
 for then I can tell,
 all things will be well
 Now the King enjoys his own again,
 FINIS.

London, Printed for Francis Grove on Snows
 hill, without Newgate.
 Entred according to Order,